

JULY No. 42

10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION

# BLACK HAWK

52 BIG FULL WIDTH  
PAGES

The astounding  
tale of the  
**IRON EMPEROR!**







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BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT



VALUABLE  
PREMIUMS

GIVEN

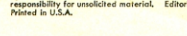
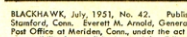
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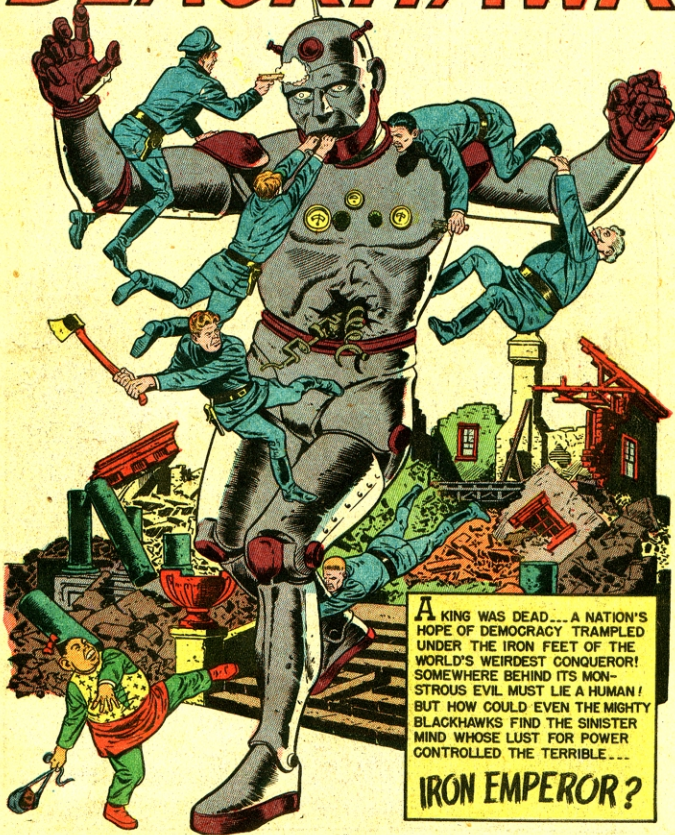
FASTE COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TODAY

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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



A KING WAS DEAD.... A NATION'S HOPE OF DEMOCRACY TRAMPLED UNDER THE IRON FEET OF THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST CONQUEROR! SOMEWHERE BEHIND ITS MONSTROUS EVIL MUST LIE A HUMAN! BUT HOW COULD EVEN THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS FIND THE SINISTER MIND WHOSE LUST FOR POWER CONTROLLED THE TERRIBLE...

## IRON EMPEROR?



# BLACKHAWK

IN THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF VOSLIA A BELOVED EMPEROR LIES DYING!

...DR. NERDA, THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN, REPORTS THAT HIS MAJESTY GROWS STEADILY WEAKER! HE CANNOT LAST THROUGH THE NIGHT!



WHILE IN THE ROYAL BEDCHAMBER...

PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY! YOU MUST NOT EXERT YOURSELF...!

QUIET, NERDA! I'M BEYOND YOUR PILLS AND ADVICE NOW! HELP ME TO THE BALCONY QUICKLY! I MUST SEE MY PEOPLE ONCE MORE!



YOUR MAJESTY!

HEAR ME, MY PEOPLE! TONIGHT MY KINGDOM DIES WITH ME! IT IS MY LAST COMMAND THAT THERE BE NO SUCCESSOR TO MY THRONE! VOSLIA MUST BECOME A DEMOCRACY!



PRINCESS TOLIA, COUNT VASHIL AND GENERAL HUNZA WILL GUIDE YOU UNTIL YOU ELECT A GOVERNMENT! IF ANY THREATEN YOUR FREEDOM, SEND FOR MY FRIENDS, THE BLACKHAWKS, WHO... ARGHHH!

YOUR MAJESTY...!



PEOPLE OF VOSLIA, YOUR EMPEROR IS GONE...! GUARD WELL HIS TRUST!



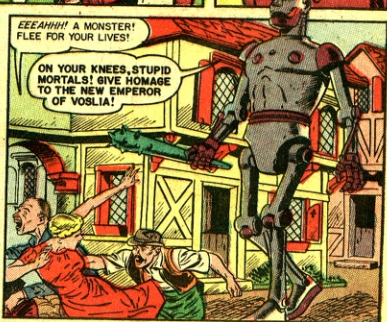
SUDDENLY...

MAKE WAY, SLAVES! WAY FOR THE IRON EMPEROR OF VOSLIA!



EEEEHHH! A MONSTER! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

ON YOUR KNEES, STUPID MORTALS! GIVE HOMAGE TO THE NEW EMPEROR OF VOSLIA!





# BLACKHAWK

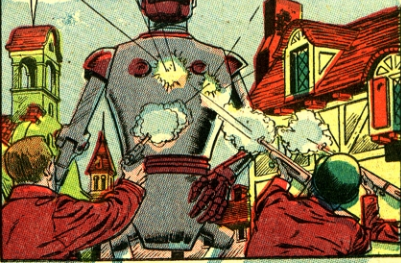
GUARDS! BLOCK THE WAY! DESTROY THE MAD MACHINE!

HO-HO-HO! WHAT MORTAL FOLLY IS THIS? THE IRON EMPEROR IS INVINCIBLE!



KEEP FIRING! TRY TO SMASH ITS MECHANISM!

HA-HA-HA-HA! YOU AMUSE ME, POOR WEAKLINGS!



HEAR ME, STUPID MORTAL! WILL YOU CEASE THIS RASH FOLLY AND ACKNOWLEDGE ME EMPEROR OF VOSLIA?

"NEVER! VOSLIA MUST BE A DEMOCRACY! IT WAS OUR EMPEROR'S LAST MANDATE! YOU'LL BE DESTROYED, SOMEHOW...!"

THEN YOU ARE TOO STUPID TO BE OF VALUE TO ME!



ARGH!

AS ALWAYS, A FEW COWARDS AND WEAKLINGS FAWN ON THEIR CONQUEROR!

HO! THEN THERE ARE A FEW SENSIBLE VOSLIANS, AFTER ALL! TAKE ME TO YOUR DUNGEONS AND I'LL FIND A FEW MORE!



BLACKHAWK! MUST... REACH RADIO... SUMMON BLACK-HAWK!

ONE HOUR LATER, HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD AT BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

YUMPING YEHOSHAPHAT! DAS BAN THREE BULLSEYES IN ROW FOR BLACK...

SAPRIST! QUIET, M'SIEUS! ZERE IS A VERY FAINT DISTRESS CALL COMING IN!



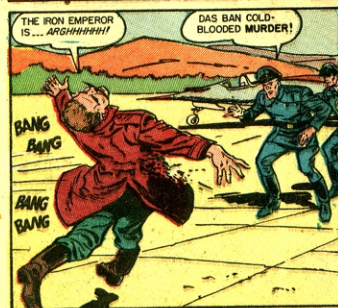
GENERAL HUNZA CALLING BLACKHAWKS! HELP US! EMPEROR OF VOSLIA DEAD... COUNTRY SEIZED BY GIANT ROBOT, THE IRON EMPEROR! SAVE US!

ANDRE, TELL GENERAL HUNZA WE'RE ON OUR WAY! ARM FOR ACTION, GANG!



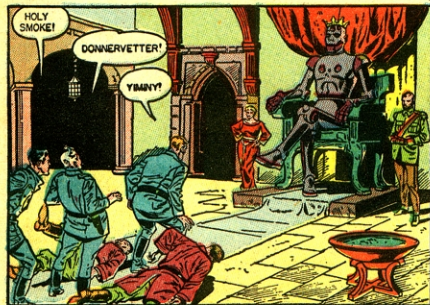
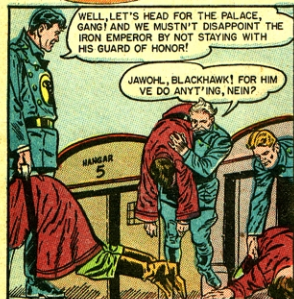


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK



ONE THING I INSIST ON, BLACKHAWK, IS PROPER RESPECT! BEFORE ADDRESSING ME, YOU AND YOUR MEN KNEEL!

THERE'S A LITTLE MIS-UNDERSTANDING, I'M AFRAID! WE BLACKHAWKS ONLY SHOW RESPECT WHERE WE FEEL RESPECT! WE KNEEL TO NOBODY!



OH, BLACKHAWK, PLEASE DO AS HE SAYS! HE'S A MONSTER ... INDESTRUCTABLE! STAY ALIVE SO YOU CAN SAVE MY PEOPLE!

LET HER ALONE, GUARDS! SHE CAN DO NO HARM... AND NEITHER CAN THESE MUCH-VAUNTED MORTALS IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



I AM PRINCESS TOLIA, BLACKHAWK! HE MAKES COUNT VASHLI AND I WAIT ON HIM CONSTANTLY!

WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, PRINCESS! YOUR UNCLE WAS OUR FRIEND!



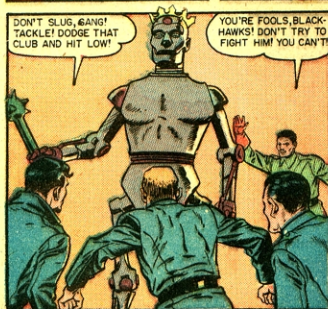
WHATEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM... GET OUT NOW! THE PEOPLE OF VOSLIA WANT NO EMPEROR, IRON OR OTHERWISE! WE WARN YOU...

HO-HO-HO! YOU WARN? IF I HAD EMOTIONS, I'D BE AMUSED AT YOUR PUNY THREAT!



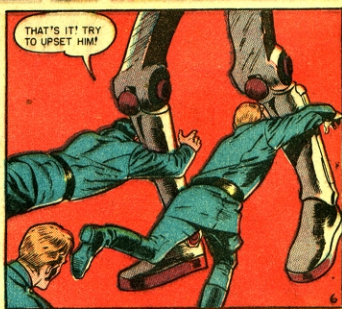
SINCE I'M NOT AMUSED, I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO REPEAT THE OFFENSE!

BOY, WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A SET OF BRASS KNUCKLES RIGHT NOW!



DON'T SLUG, GANG! TACKLE! DODGE THAT CLUB AND HIT LOW!

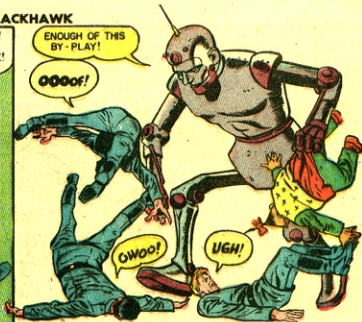
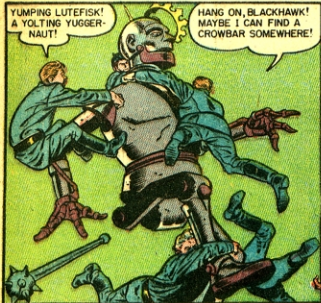
YOU'RE FOOLS, BLACKHAWKS! DON'T TRY TO FIGHT HIM! YOU CAN'T!



THAT'S IT! TRY TO UPSET HIM!



# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

WHAT CAN WE DO? HE'S BULLET-PROOF, FIST-PROOF! MAYBE WE COULD BLOW HIM UP WITH A BLOCKBUSTER!

THAT'S WHY HE KEEPS PRINCESS TOLIA AND COUNT VASHIL NEAR HIM! ANY ATTEMPT TO BOMB HIM WOULD DESTROY THEM!



I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHO'S BEHIND THE IRON EMPEROR! HE'S JUST A CLEVER MACHINE, OPERATED BY A FIENDISH, HUMAN BRAIN BY REMOTE CONTROL!

BUT HE BAN TALK, MOVE, ANSWER QUESTIONS! MAYBE SOME LITTLE YERK BAN HIDE INSIDE AND YUGGLE LEVERS!



NO! NOBODY COULD STAY COOPED INSIDE FOR DAYS, OLAF! IT'S RADIO CONTROLLED BY SOMEBODY RIGHT THERE, WATCHING AND LISTENING! GIVE ME YOUR BELT RADIOS... QUICK!



SACRE NOM, BLACKHAWK! WHAT ARE YOU HOOKING ZE BELT RADIOS TO-GETHER FOR?

I'M MAKING A MORE POWERFUL HIGH FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER, ANDRE!



THERE! MAYBE THE COMBINED POWER WILL BE ENOUGH TO JAM THE FREQUENCY THAT CONTROLS OUR ROBOT PAL! WE'LL SOON SEE!

JAWOHL! MIT HIS RADIO SIGNALS MIXED, HE MIGHT RUN WILD, WEIN?



HERE GOES, GANG!

**CLANK!  
CRASH!  
HALP!**

YUPITER! SOMETHING BAN SOUNDS LIKE RIOT UPSTAIRS!



WHY QUIT NOW, BLACKHAWK? GO AHEAD AND MAKE HIM WRECK THE JOINT!

NOT NOW, CHUCK! WE CAN'T DESTROY THE ROBOT UNTIL WE'VE FOUND THE BRAINS BEHIND HIM!



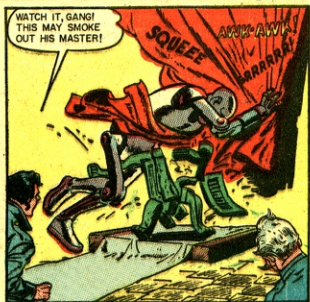
QUICK! SOMEBODY'LL BE COMING TO SEE IF WE'RE BEHIND WHAT HAPPENED! TRY TO ACT DAZED AND HELPLESS!

IS NO ACT! CHOP CHOP! PLENTY HELPLESS LIGHT NOW!



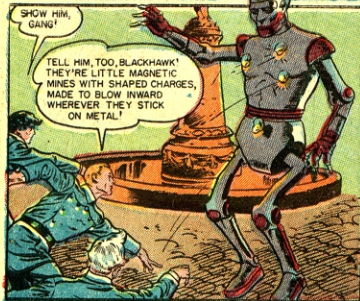


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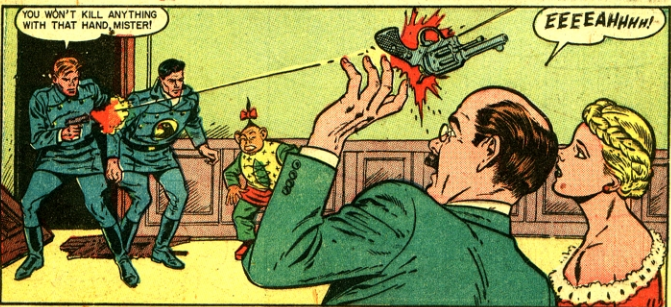
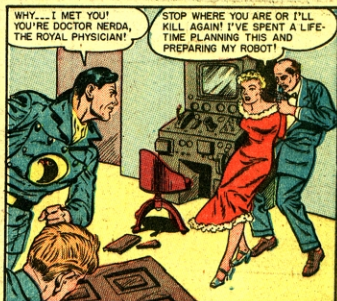


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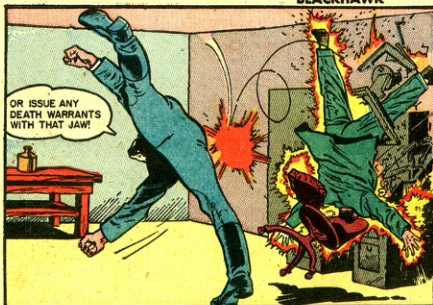


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



**THE FINEST FIGHTING MEN IN THE WORLD!**  
THAT'S THE BLACKHAWKS, FAMED SKY ADVENTURERS! BUT IN ALL THEIR GLORIOUS CAREERS IN COMBAT, THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE FACED ONLY DANGERS SPAWNED IN OUR PRESENT DAY! NOW THEY ARE ASKED TO MATCH THEIR PEERLESS SKILLS AGAINST A MENACE THAT BELONGS TO THE PAST AND THE FUTURE IN...

## THE CITY THAT TIME FORGOT

**M**ANY ARE THE FATEFUL ASSIGNMENTS ENTRUSTED TO THE BLACKHAWKS!



THESE DOCUMENTS CONTAIN THE COMPLETE RESULTS OF FIELD TESTS MADE HERE WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT'S WEAPON! THEY ALSO CONTAIN INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO ASSEMBLE AND OPERATE IT!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!

WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT AN INTERNATIONAL SECRET AGENT NAMED **MORDRED** IS AFTER THESE DOCUMENTS! HE MUST NOT GET THEM! THAT IS WHY THE BLACKHAWKS WERE CHOSEN TO BRING THEM TO THEIR PROPER DESTINATION!

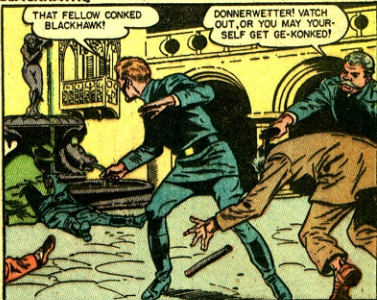




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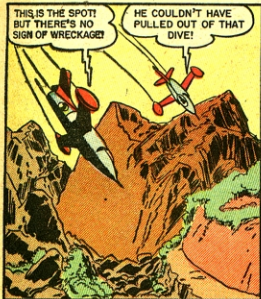




IN A SKY GAME OF HARES AND HOUNDS, MORDRED  
FLEES FOR HIS LIFE!



# BLACKHAWK



THIS IS THE SPOT!  
BUT THERE'S NO  
SIGN OF WRECKAGE!

HE COULDN'T HAVE  
PULLED OUT OF THAT  
DIVE!

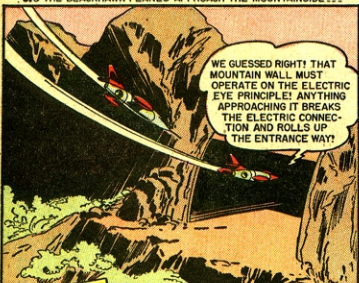


SOMETHING PECU-  
LIAR ABOUT THE  
GROUND DOWN THERE!  
IT'S A CAMOUFLAGE  
JOB! SEE THE DIVID-  
ING LINE THAT RUNS  
BETWEEN THE  
SURFACE ROCKS  
AND SHRUBBERY?



LOOKS LIKE A  
GIANT HINGE IN  
THE MOUNTAIN  
WALL! THERE MUST  
BE A WAY TO GET IN-  
SIDE THE MOUNTAIN!  
PEEL OFF!

AS THE BLACKHAWK PLANES APPROACH THE MOUNTAINSIDE...



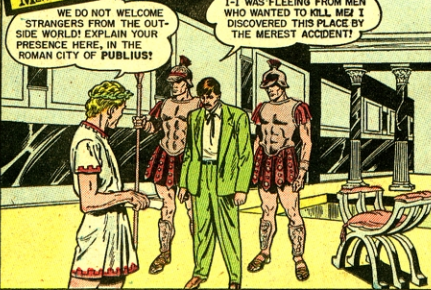
WE GUESSED RIGHT! THAT  
MOUNTAIN WALL MUST  
OPERATE ON THE ELECTRIC  
EYE PRINCIPLE! ANYTHING  
APPROACHING IT BREAKS  
THE ELECTRIC CONNEX-  
TION AND ROLLS UP  
THE ENTRANCE WAY!



BY GAR, THERE  
IS, MORDRED'S  
PLANE!

BUT HE'S GONE! WE'D BETTER  
PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY, GANG!  
SOMETHING IS QUEER ABOUT  
THIS PLACE!

MEANWHILE...



WE DO NOT WELCOME  
STRANGERS FROM THE OUT-  
SIDE WORLD! EXPLAIN YOUR  
PRESENCE HERE, IN THE  
ROMAN CITY OF PUBLIUS!

I-I WAS FLEEING FROM MEN  
WHO WANTED TO KILL ME! I  
DISCOVERED THIS PLACE BY  
THE MEREST ACCIDENT!

YOU WERE FLEEING FROM  
BARBARIANS, EH? THIS CITY  
WAS BUILT AS A REFUGE  
FROM SUCH VANDALS! IT  
IS BECAUSE OF THEM THAT  
WE STILL SHUN CONTACT  
WITH THE OUTSIDE  
WORLD!

YOU ARE WISE!  
THESE...UH...  
BARBARIANS  
WILL STOP  
AT NOTHING  
TO GET WHAT  
THEY WANT!



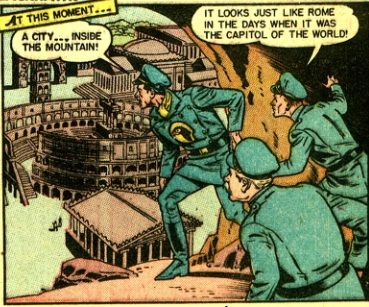


# BLACKHAWK



AT THIS MOMENT...

A CITY... INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN!



ATTENTION! CITIZENS OF PLUBIUS! TIBERIUS SPEAKING! THERE ARE INTRUDERS IN OUR MIDST! CAPTURE THEM... ALIVE!



WHEN THE UNEQUAL BATTLE ENDS...



YOU FIGHT WELL, BUT, THEN, BARBARIANS HAVE OFTEN BEEN NOTED FOR THEIR PROWESS IN BATTLE!

YOU SHOULD BE AN EXPERT ON BARBARIETY... IF MORDRED IS YOUR FRIEND!



WE HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE! HE DISCOVERED OUR CITY BY ACCIDENT, EVEN AS YOU DID! YOU WERE GOING TO KILL HIM!

THEY WISH TO DESTROY ALL MEN OF SCIENCE AND CULTURE LIKE OURSELVES!



HE'S GOT HIS SIGNAL MIXED, TIBERIUS! WE WERE AFTER HIM BECAUSE MORDRED REPRESENTS A SOCIETY THAT IS TRYING TO ENSLAVE THE WORLD!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! I CAN PROVE WHAT I SAY!



SEARCH HIM! YOU WILL FIND THAT HE AND HIS FELLOW BARBARIANS ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH! AND HE CARRIES PLANS FOR A YET MORE DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON ON HIS PERSON!



I FOUND THESE PAPERS HIDDEN IN HIS BOOT, TIBERIUS!

YOU SEE? I TOLD THE TRUTH! EXAMINE THEM AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!



MMMM! IF THESE REPORTS ARE TRUE, THESE MEN ARE INDEED BARBARIANS TO PLOT SUCH DESTRUCTION!



TAKE THEM TO THE DUNGEONS! LATER, I WILL DECIDE THEIR FATE!



# BLACKHAWK

SOON...

BY GOLLIES, THIS PLACE NOT LIKE PLISONS WE BEEN IN BEFORE!

IT'S AN ANCIENT ROMAN DUNGEON! FROM STONE-WALLED ROOMS LIKE THESE THE OLD CHRISTIAN MARTYRS WERE LED OUT TO MEET DEATH IN THE ARENA!

BY YUPITER, YOU MEAN...?

OUR CAPTORS MUST BE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THE ROMANS OF OLD! THE ROMANS CONQUERED HALF THE WORLD IN THEIR DAY! THIS MAY HAVE BEEN AN OUTPOST FROM WHICH A GARRISON RULED THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY!

WHEN THE BARBARIANS SACKED ROME, IT WAS THE SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL UPRISING AGAINST THE MASTERS! MANY ROMAN OUTPOSTS WERE MASSACRED! BUT, SOMEHOW, THIS ONE SURVIVED!

THEY FORMED A COLONY OF THEIR OWN! AS THE DARK AGES SETTLED OVER THE REST OF THE WORLD, THEY RETREATED TO THIS HIDDEN SANCTUARY WHERE THEIR SUPERIOR LEARNING AND CIVILIZATION WOULD BE SECURE FROM DESTRUCTION!

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCE! THEY SKIPPED THE CENTURIES OF IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION BETWEEN THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, AND THE BEGINNING OF MODERN CIVILIZATION!

SHHH! IS SOMEONE COMING!

STAY BACK, GANG! WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE INSIDE...

... AND THEN MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET OUT!

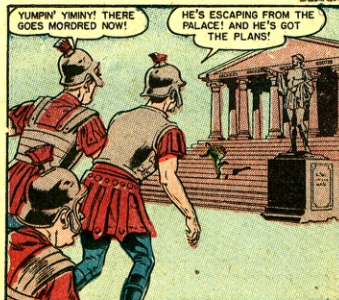
EYAHHH!

# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK



**NEW MENACE, GREATER THAN ALL, THREATENS FREE PEOPLES!**

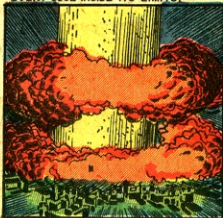
**NOT MEN, BUT WHOLE CITIES, ARE BLASTED AWAY AS IT ADVANCES!**

**MUST FREEDOM AND JUSTICE BOW AND ADMIT DEFEAT BEFORE A FORCE OF DESTRUCTION AS MYSTERIOUS AS IT IS COMPLETE?**

**THE BLACKHAWKS CHALLENGE THE BLACK FATE THAT HAS MARKED LIAPORE, CAPITOL CITY OF KARASTAN AS**

**THE CITY THAT MUST PERISH!!!**

**A BORDER TOWN OF THE FREE COUNTRY OF KARASTAN, FORTIFIED AGAINST AGGRESSION, IS BLASTED TO FRAGMENTS WITH EVERY SOUL INSIDE ITS LIMITS!**



**AT ONCE, A BROADCAST TO THE SHOCKED PEOPLE...**

**THE GOVERNMENT OF KARASTAN ANNOUNCES THAT THE DESTROYED CITY GIVES OFF RADIOACTIVE IMPULSES! IT WAS A NEW FORM OF ATOMIC BOMB! ALL DEFENSE OFFICIALS ARE ALERTED!**

**THEY CAN'T HEAR THE BROADCAST! AN UNKNOWN RADIO IS JAMMING US AND SEND-OUT ITS OWN MESSAGE!**



# BLACKHAWK

THE WORRIED LEADERS OF THE NATION CONFER...

HERE'S THE MYSTERY BROADCAST!

PEOPLE OF KARASTAN, THAT DESTRUCTION OF THE BORDER FORT WAS A MERE EXPERIMENT! TO SHOW WHAT WE CAN REALLY DO, WE'LL DESTROY THE FACTORY TOWN OF PLUCITAR TONIGHT! STOP US IF YOU CAN!

DOUBLE ALL MILITARY GUARDS AT PLUCITAR, GENERAL! WE MUST NOT LET THE CATASTROPHE STRIKE AGAIN!

SEE, O PRESIDENT! THE PLANES OF OUR FRIENDS, THE BLACK-HAWKS!



A QUICK COUNCIL WITH THE GREAT FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM...

WE SUSPECT THE ANCIENT REGIME OF KARASTAN'S TYRANTS OF TRYING THIS CRUEL WAY TO REGAIN POWER!

WE REMEMBER THOSE TYRANTS, YOUR EXCELLENCY! WE HELPED DEFEAT THEM AND FORM THE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT

THAT SERVES KARASTAN TO-DAY! WHAT EVIDENCE HAVE YOU TO GO ON?



WE HOPE TO INTERCEPT TONIGHT'S RAID AND CAPTURE A PRISONER WHO WILL TELL US THE ENEMY PLAN! IF...

ALAS, O PRESIDENT! DREADFUL NEWS FROM PLUCITAR!



DESPITE OUR PLANS AND TROOPS, THE CITY WAS DESTROYED AT SUNDOWN! MANY WERE SLAIN AND INJURED! EVEN NOW THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO SPEAKS!

LET US HEAR IT!



YOU CANNOT STOP US WHEN WE SMASH YOUR CITIES! WE GIVE THE USURPING GOVERNMENT ONE DAY TO ABDOICATE... OR LIAPORE, YOUR CAPITOL, WILL BE BLOWN INTO NOTHINGNESS!

PERHAPS I SHOULD RESIGN AND SAVE THIS CITY AND ITS PEOPLE!



NO! DON'T DESERT YOUR POST! THAT WOULD THROW KARASTAN INTO DISORDER... AND THEN INTO THE HANDS OF TYRANTS AGAIN!

WHAT ELSE CAN I DO, BLACKHAWK? THERE IS BUT ONE DAY GRANTED US FOR ACTION! TOMORROW WILL SEE MORE RUIN!





# BLACKHAWK

THE WORD GOES OUT TO MOVE AWAY FROM THREATENED LIAPORE...



THE CITY IS DESERTED, LIFELESS EXCEPT FOR ONE DAUNTLESS GROUP OF MEN... THE BLACKHAWKS!



THE TWO PATROLS ROAM THE CITY TIRELESSLY, UNTIL...

HOLD EVERYTHING, OLAF! THE COUNTER'S GIVING US A MESSAGE!

AY BAN HEAR! LISTEN, CHUCK! SOMETHING RADIOACTIVE NEARBY, AY TANK!



THE GUARDS AT PLUC-TAR COULDN'T KEEP AWAY THE RAIDERS! THAT'S BECAUSE THERE WERE NO RAIDERS! AGENTS WITHIN THE TOWN SET OFF THE EXPLOSION!



GRAND CIEL! YOU THEENK LIAPORE EES ALSO FEEEXED TO BLOW UP! BUT HOW CAN WE FIND ZE ATOM BOMBS, BLACKHAWK?





**B**UT WHEN THE BLACKHAWKS ASSEMBLE...

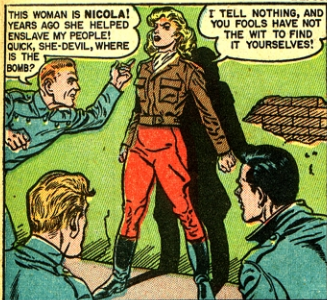




# BLACKHAWK

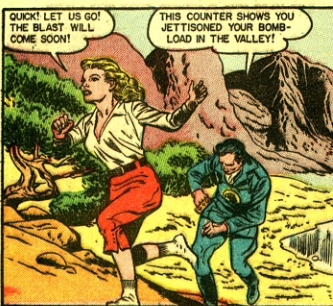


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

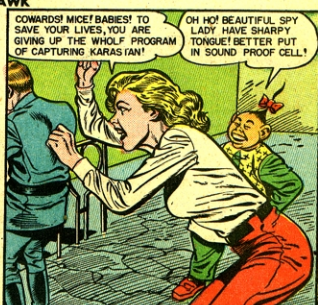


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

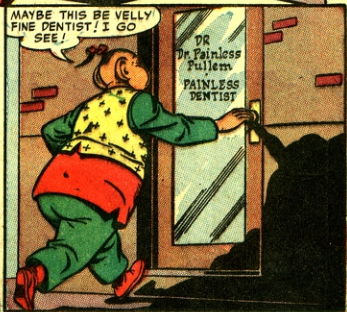
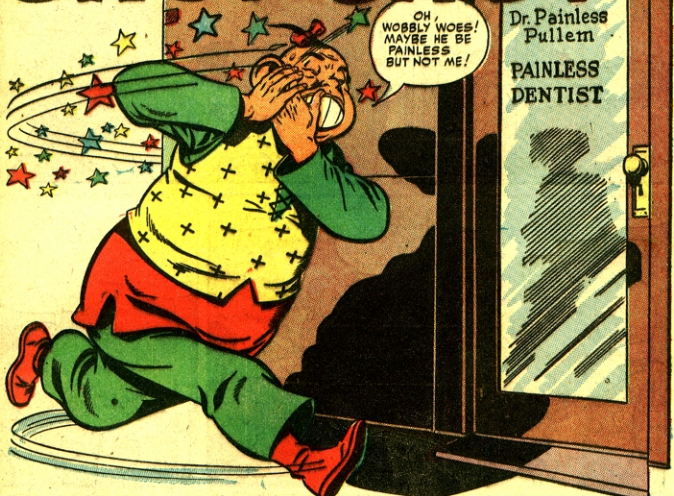


BLACKHAWK VISITS THE ABANDONED RADIO STATION...

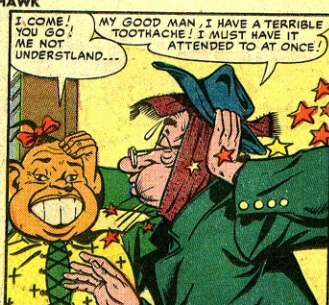
BLACKHAWK TO THE PRESIDENT OF KARASTAN! COME BACK TO LIAPORE! ALL IS SAFE! THE CITIZENS CAN RETURN!

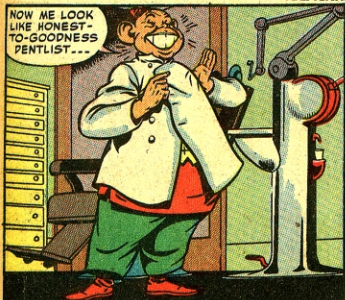


# CHOP CHOP

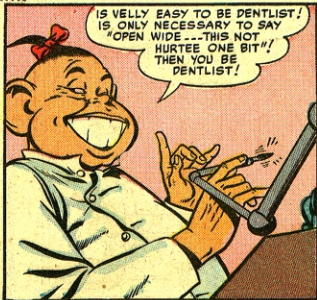








NOW ME LOOK  
LIKE HONEST-  
TO-GOODNESS  
DENTLIST!...



IS VELLY EASY TO BE DENTLIST!  
IS ONLY NECESSARY TO SAY  
"OPEN WIDE...THIS NOT  
HURTEE ONE BIT!"  
THEN YOU BE  
DENTLIST!



DOC, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!  
YOU GOTTA TAKE CARE OF  
MY PAL RIGHT  
AWAY!

SO SOLLY,  
BUT ME NOT  
BE---



QUIT YOUR STALLING,  
DOC! OR I'LL DRILL YOU!

OH, YOU KNOW HOW TO  
DO DRILLING...IS  
BETTER YOU FIX  
FRIEND'S TEETH!



NOW MAKE IT  
SNAPPY! WE'RE  
ON THE LAM!  
AND WE GOT  
NO TIME TO  
WASTE!

WHAT A PLEDICAMENT!  
WHAT TO DO? WHAT  
TO DO?

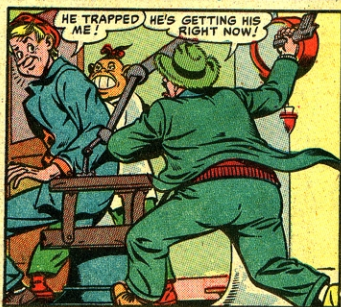
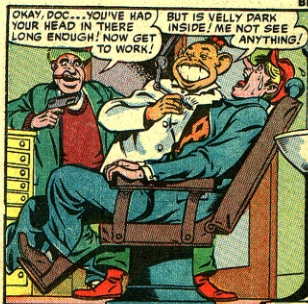


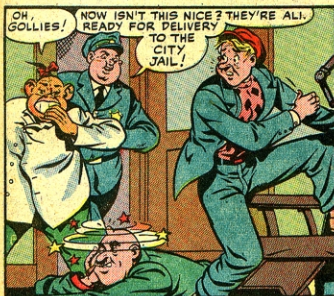
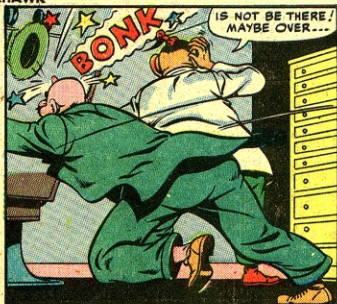
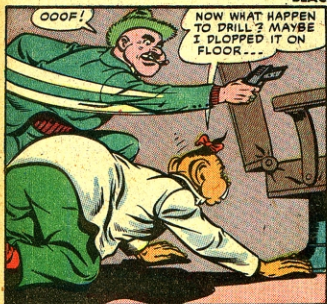
ME. PLETEND TO  
BE DENTLIST! MAYBE  
REAL DENTLIST COME  
BACK QUICK QUICK!  
THEN EVELYTHING  
BE HOTSY-TOTSY!



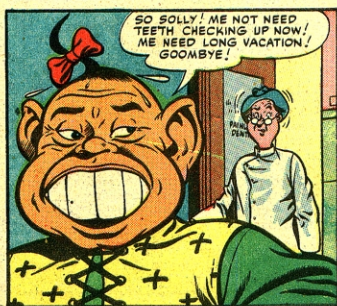
NOW OPEN WIDE---  
THIS NOT HURTEE  
ONE BIT!







And a few minutes later...





BLACKHAWK

# THE SLEEPMASTER

A TALL man, with drab gray hair and wearing a sombre suit, stood before a circle of hardened criminal henchmen. They were all experts, in their particular fields of nefarious skills, and they were banded together now in what was one of the strangest and yet, seemingly, most fool-proof schemes that any of them had ever heard of in all their years of underworld vice and corruption.

They knew the tall, dull-looking man only as The Sleepmaster, so-called by the very nature of his prodigious plan. And they also knew that, behind his cool countenance, there flamed a fiery hatred for mankind and a steel will for vengeance because he, too, had served time.

The Sleepmaster eyed them for a moment through scrutinizing, half-closed lids. When he spoke, it was curt and to the point!

"You all know what to do," he said. "One false move means curtains. We begin at Dockport, midnight tonight!"

He reached for his hat and a suitcase and walked out the door of the old farm house hide-out and to a large limousine which was waiting. The driver took him through the clearing, past the small improvised landing field where the planes and helicopters and the big balloon were hidden under camouflaged canopies, down the mountain through the dense timberland, and to the nearest town and commercial airport. The Sleepmaster boarded a plane and soon was on his way to Dockport.

The next morning, the entire nation was shocked by mysterious newspaper headlines! MIDNIGHT MARAUDER ROBS DOCKPORT! said one. Another read: DOCKPORT RAIDED AS CITY SLEEPS! And still another: NO WITNESSES TO DOCKPORT PLUNDER! It was weird, that the small city could be ransacked and its banks and stores robbed without the slightest clue or without any person, even a night watchman, knowing how or when it happened.

In Dockport, The Sleepmaster read a full account of the night's puzzling proceedings and was reassured that his men worked well together and that his dire plan was, indeed, perfect.

At police headquarters, the chief was in a frenzy as he paced up and down before members of his night force. "What in tarnation were you all doing?" he screamed. "Your job's to pro-

tect this town, not to sit back and let some infernal mob come in and clean it out. Were you paid off? Or is it possible that every one of you goes to sleep on his beat?"

"Fact is, Chief," spoke up one of the patrolmen, "I did sort of go to sleep. Kinda blacked-out for a minute. Felt fuzzy afterward."

"Me, too!" agreed another. "I went to sleep, I'll admit. I looked at my watch after I woke up and I'd slept for thirty minutes. Couldn't understand it."

Hours of quizzing, accusing and condemning revealed only one sure thing to the Chief. Every man actually had gone to sleep on his beat. Of course, he had been asleep at the time, too, but that was as it should be since he always hit his bed at eleven.

Back at the mountain hide-out, The Sleepmaster praised his men. "Good work," he assured them. "I picked each one of you because you were sure and fast. You can see it paid off." And he pointed to the piles of bills and currency and slightly smiled.

"As soon as this cools down a little, we'll take Oreville. First, I'll case the place and pick out the tallest building or the one best suited for landing. Oreville's like Dockport—not big, but wealthy. Should give us a good haul."

Oreville was next. Then town after town fell under the strange spell and awoke to find its bank vaults empty and its safes cracked and their contents missing. People were in a panic. Every member of law enforcement, from the lowest to the highest ranks, was alerted. But while they watched and seached and pondered, The Sleepmaster and his master crew grew rich and increasingly more confident.

"Our money is now way up in the millions," The Sleepmaster told them one day. "There's enough to keep us all going for the rest of our lives. One more job—then it's quits. Tonight we take the richest little town in the country and the one nearest here, Silver Center."

If a young aviation enthusiast, Bob Riley, had not been coming home in his private plane late that night, the mystery might never have been solved. He was surprised when he saw, silhouetted ahead of him, a plane throwing out smoke like a screen, only in small puffs so that it resembled

close, low-floating clouds. He circled to watch, as the plane finished its work, turned, and sped away. Then he stared at what appeared to be a monster coming toward him. He veered to get a better view and, at the same time, not be noticed himself. It was a large balloon, with dangling tentacles waving in the wind, making it resemble a hideous flying octopus. It dropped its altitude so that its belly scraped the formations of low-hanging clouds. And it was heading directly for the town!

Then another strange thing happened. Out of the blue-black sky came two helicopters. No one in Silver Center owned helicopters. He watched as they made a landing and his acquaintance with his home town assured him that they had landed on the Arden Hotel, the tallest building and the only one which would have a roof large enough to accommodate such a feat.

"Shall I go down and see what it's all about?" he questioned himself. "By the time I get there, they might be gone."

Then, for the first time, he remembered the stories of the midnight marauders. "All the peculiar plundering that's been going on. I wonder —"

He looked at his gas gauge. There was fuel enough to keep him in the air for over an hour. He decided to stay up there and watch.

Vaguely, in the darkness, he saw the balloon head back toward the West. Approximately half an hour later, he detected the outline of the helicopters, following in the same direction, like large flying insects in the moonless night.

"I can't let them out of my sight," he breathed to himself. "I have to find out where they land!"

He flew high and watched them come down on the nearby mountain. He hoped they had not seen him. He recorded the location and then turned and flew as fast as he could back to Silver Center. He tried to get a signal through to the airport but, for several minutes, there was no reply. At last, a sleepy and dazed voice came through his earphones.

"Okay! All clear! Er . . . come in on runway three! Over!"

"Now at one thousand feet. Coming in on runway three. Roger!"

Bob Riley brought his plane in for a safe but hurried landing and raced to his car which he had left parked there. He broke all the speed laws, getting to the police station. As he entered, he saw the night sergeant, getting up from his desk, looking groggy and yawning.

"I saw them," Riley shouted. "I saw the planes come and land here and I watched where they went afterwards! We'll get those crooks now and—"

"Crooks? Wh-what are you talking about?" asked the blinking sergeant. "What planes? Gosh, I feel dizzy. Must be sick!"

"Look," said Riley, impatiently, "this town's been raided like the others. I'd bet my bottom dollar on it. Go out on the street and—"

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. From then on, the line was kept busy as bewildered cops on their beats awoke to find stores broken into and looted.

Bob Riley went with an officer to the roof of the Arden Hotel where a flashlight search proved he had been right about the helicopters' landing place—the tracks were barely visible. Soon the word spread of what had happened in Silver Center. By three a.m., the town was in an uproar!

The next morning, Bob Riley was standing in the hotel and talking to the desk clerk when a tall man, with gray hair and wearing a sombre suit, approached and asked to check out. "Is it true," asked The Sleepmaster, "that this town was looted last night by that mysterious mob?"

Riley was leaving then and the clerk pointed to him as he answered. "Yes, but we're not worried now. That fellow there spotted the planes and knows where they landed! The law'll have 'em before the day's over!"

The Sleepmaster checked out, took a cab to the airport, and was picked up there by one of his private planes. He would not have returned to the hide-out, except that all the money was there.

"No time to lose," he panted, as he rushed into the old house. "They've spotted us! Get the money to the planes and let's clear out fast."

He and his criminal cohorts were ready for the get-away when planes closed in from above and cars came through the clearing and they were surrounded and trapped on the mountain top!

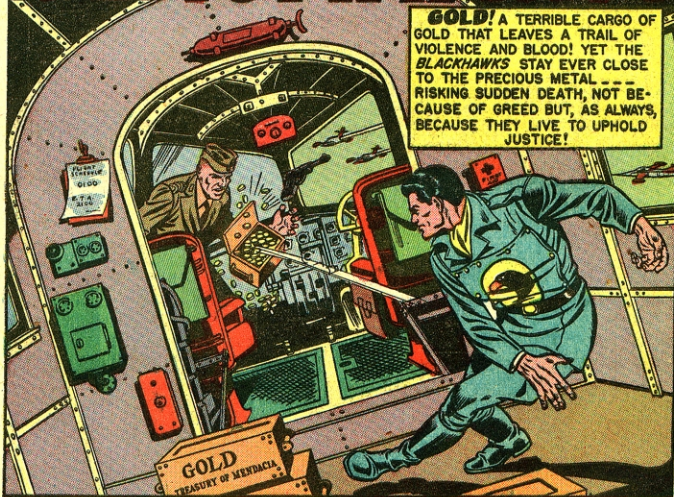
The story was soon told! The Sleepmaster always registered at the best hotel under an alias. He cased the town and got word to his men. First, a plane left smoke clouds; then the weird balloon poured sleeping gas down over the city, then the helicopters landed with heinous craftsmen who plied their trade swiftly while the city slept.

The next morning, a nation was deeply relieved as the newspapers carried such headlines as these: MYSTERY OF LOOTING SOLVED! BOB RILEY TRAILS SKY RAIDERS! and THE SLEEPMASTER CONFESSES!

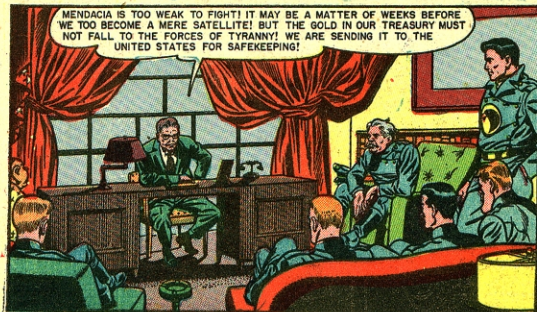


# BLACKHAWK

**GOLD!** A TERRIBLE CARGO OF GOLD THAT LEAVES A TRAIL OF VIOLENCE AND BLOOD! YET THE BLACKHAWKS STAY EVER CLOSE TO THE PRECIOUS METAL --- RISKING SUDDEN DEATH, NOT BECAUSE OF GREED BUT, AS ALWAYS, BECAUSE THEY LIVE TO UPHOLD JUSTICE!



MENDACIA IS TOO WEAK TO FIGHT! IT MAY BE A MATTER OF WEEKS BEFORE WE TOO BECOME A MERE SATELLITE! BUT THE GOLD IN OUR TREASURY MUST NOT FALL TO THE FORCES OF TYRANNY! WE ARE SENDING IT TO THE UNITED STATES FOR SAFEKEEPING!



WE HAVE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION TO KEEP THE OPERATION A SECRET! STILL, WE KNEW THAT ONLY MEN LIKE THE BLACKHAWKS COULD REALLY INSURE ITS SAFE ARRIVAL! WE BEG YOU TO GUARD IT WELL!

YOU CAN  
DEPEND  
ON US,  
SIR!



# BLACKHAWK

AT THE BLACKHAWKS' HOTEL THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE...

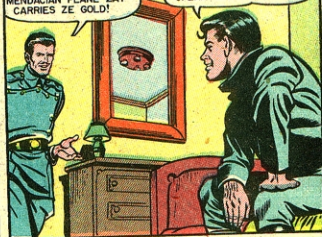
THE GOLD WILL GO FIRST TO THE VAULTS OF THE COLUMBIA NATIONAL BANK IN NEW YORK! IT WILL BE SHIPPED TO FORT KNOX FROM THERE LATER! BUT FROM THE MOMENT IT LEAVES OUR TREASURY THERE WILL BE DANGER!

GOOT! DANGER ISS VOT VE EAT AS A REGULAR DIET!



ALORS, BLACKHAWK. ZEN ZE IDEA WILL BE TO FLY AS A FIGHTER ESCORT TO ZE MENDACIAN PLANE ZAT CARRIES ZE GOLD!

EXACTLY, ANDRE! ALL OF YOU EXCEPT ME! I HAVE A PLAN TO MAKE THE OPERATION EVEN SAFER!



ZUT, BLACKHAWK, BUT WHERE WILL YOU BE?

WE'D BETTER NOT GO INTO THAT! YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE A MIKE CAN BE HIDDEN IN A HOTEL ROOM! ALL I'LL RISK SAYING IS THAT MY PLANE WILL BE FLOWN BY CHOP CHOP!

SUDDENLY...

BLACKHAWK! BLACKHAWK! LET ME IN... QUICKLY!

SACRE! WHOSE VOICE IS THAT? IT IS FULL OF TERROR!



THEY SHOT ME! THEY KNEW I WAS GOING TO TELL! I WAS ONE OF THE TRAITOROUS PARTY, BLACKHAWK, OR SO THEY THOUGHT! BUT I WAS WAITING ONLY TO CATCH THEM IN SOME GRAND SCHEME SUCH AS THIS! OH-H!

COME TO THE POINT QUICKLY, MAN! YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



THE GOLD WILL BE STOLEN! THERE ARE SEVERAL PLANS! IF ONE FAILS THE NEXT MAY WORK! BE ON GUARD! LISTEN --- OOOHHH!

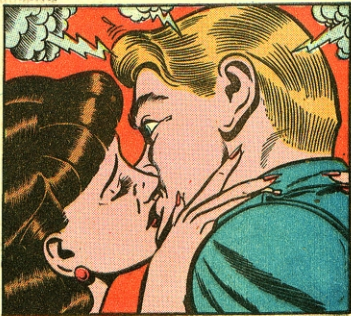






MAYBE I SHOULD OBEY BLACKHAWK BUT I JUST CAN'T LET YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCES HERE! LISTEN! I'M GOING TO HIDE YOU IN MY PLANE IN THE MORNING! BUT YOU MUST BE CAREFUL THAT MY BUDDIES DON'T SEE YOU! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

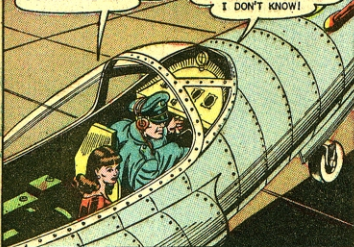
MAIA! OH, YOU ARE SO KIND!



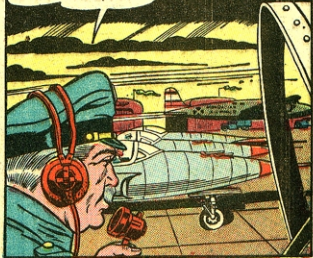
AS DAWN BREAKS...

WHERE IS BLACKHAWK HIMSELF? I DO NOT SEE HIM!

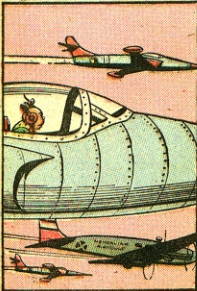
DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS, BABY! THERE ARE SOME THINGS EVEN I DON'T KNOW!



MENDACIAN PLANE TAKING OFF! YE GO NOW, FOYS!



THE HOURS TICK SLOWLY BY!

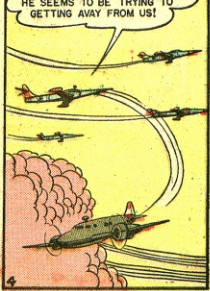


THEN...

CHUCK TO PILOT OF MENDACIAN CRAFT! YOU'RE GOING OFF COURSE! CHUCK TO BLACKHAWKS! AM I RIGHT?

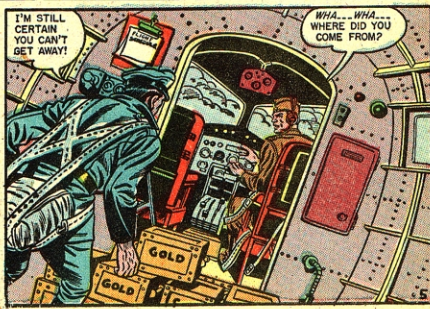
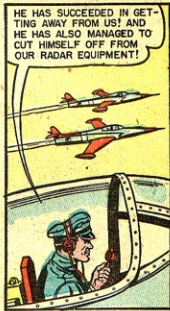
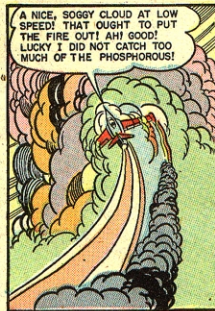
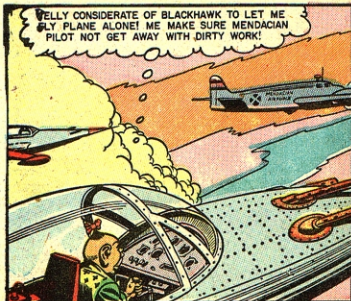


OLAF TO CHUCK! JA, PY YIMINY! HE SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO GETTING AWAY FROM US!





# BLACKHAWK



WHA... WHA...  
WHERE DID YOU  
COME FROM?

HA! HA! YOU ARE SO  
RIGHT! AND ONLY A  
FEW MINUTES AGO  
YOU WERE CERTAIN I  
COULDN'T GET  
AWAY FROM  
YOU!

GOLD  
GOLD

# BLACKHAWK

I'LL TAKE OVER NOW, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PILOT WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO FLY THIS SHIP?

OW-OH! DON'T! YOU'LL BREAK MY NECK! WE KILLED THAT PILOT!

YOU'LL ANSWER FOR THAT TOO! MEANWHILE YOU CAN TAKE A QUIET NAP FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP!



BLACKHAWK TO BLACKHAWKS! I AM AT CONTROLS OF MENDACIAN SHIP! GET MY LOCATION! HERE IT IS!

BLACKHAWK DID IT! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL NOW!

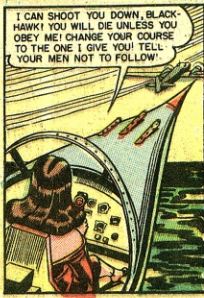
DOLT! I CAME ALONG JUST TO STEP IN IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED!



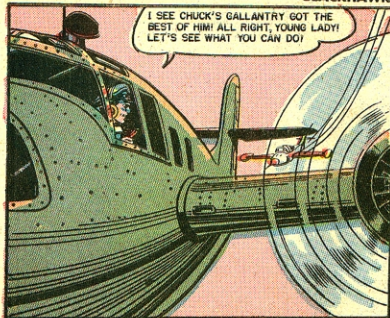
THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WILL BE IN MY FAVOR! BLACKHAWK WILL LISTEN TO REASON WHEN HE SEES HE IS ABOUT TO DIE!

ZUT! CHUCK HAS HIS PLANE WIDE OPEN! WHY SO FAST?

I CAN SHOOT YOU DOWN, BLACK-HAWK! YOU WILL DIE UNLESS YOU OBEY ME! CHANGE YOUR COURSE TO THE ONE I GIVE YOU! TELL YOUR MEN NOT TO FOLLOW!





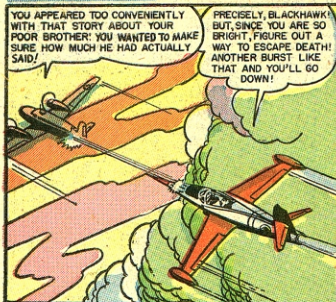


I SEE CHUCK'S GALLANTRY GOT THE BEST OF HIM! ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!



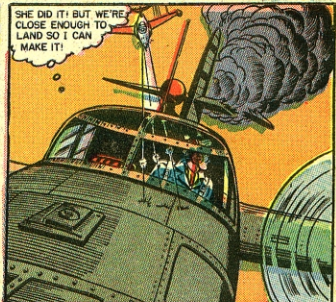
DOG: DO YOU THINK I WOULD RATHER NOT SEE THE GOLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA THAN IN THE HANDS OF THE AMERICANS?

I DON'T DOUBT IT! IN FACT YOUR SYMPATHY ACT AT THE HOTEL DIDN'T QUITE CONVINCE ME THOUGH I WISH I HADN'T LET YOU OFF WITHOUT A GRILLING JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A WOMAN!



YOU APPEARED TOO CONVENIENTLY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT YOUR POOR BROTHER: YOU WANTED TO MAKE SURE HOW MUCH HE HAD ACTUALLY SAID!

PRECISELY, BLACKHAWK! BUT, SINCE YOU ARE SO BRIGHT, FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ESCAPE DEATH! ANOTHER BURST LIKE THAT AND YOU'LL GO DOWN!



SHE DID IT! BUT WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO LAND SO I CAN MAKE IT!



BLACKHAWK TO BLACKHAWKS! GET MY POSITION, MEN! THIS IS IT!

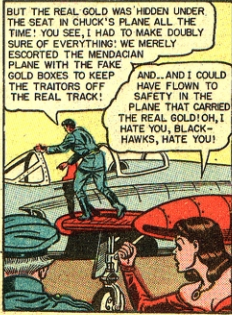
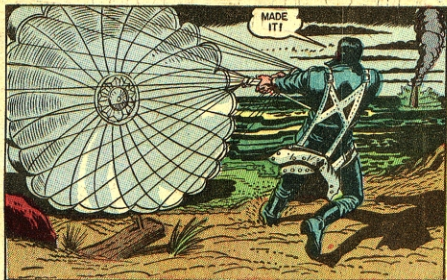
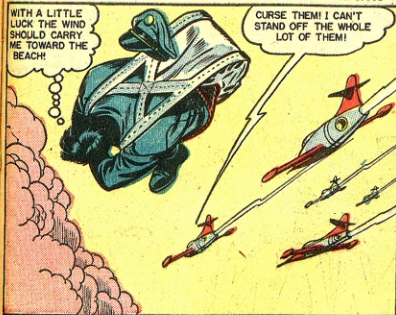


ALORS! WE ARE WITH YOU, BLACKHAWK! WHAT GOES ON WITH CHUCK? HE FLEW LIKE MAD AND WOULD NOT ANSWER ZE CALLS WE GAVE HIM!



CHUCK SUCCEMPTED TO A LADY'S WILES! SHE'S FLYING HIS SHIP! SURROUND HER AND MAKE SURE YOU BRING HER DOWN! WE'RE A FEW MINUTES FROM LAND AND I'M GOING TO TAKE TO MY CHUTE!

# BLACKHAWK



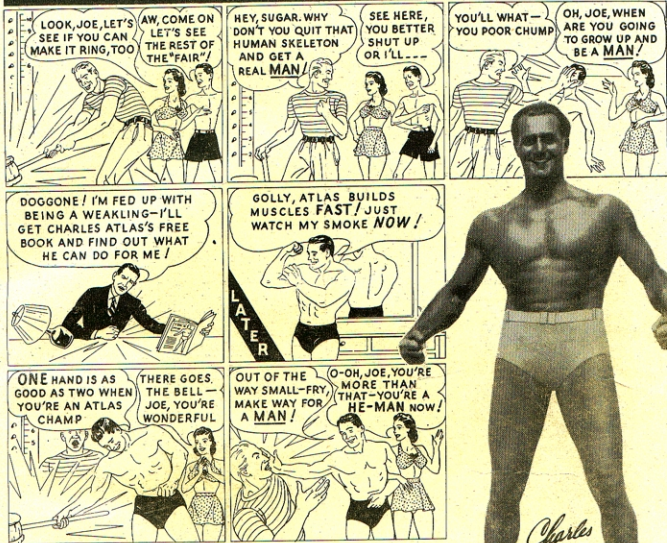


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*issue*



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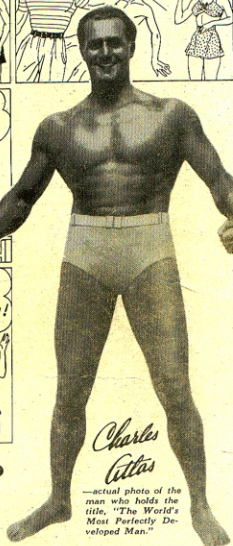
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*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 G**

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any) State \_\_\_\_\_





# ANNOUNCING

## The New DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN

New Book Explains How You Can  
Be an NRA Junior Member  
**AND GET ALL THIS**



It's here, BOYS and GIRLS—your copy of DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN—with the most exciting news in all air rifle history! This brightly colored, handy pocket book tells how easy it is for air rifle owners to join the oldest, largest national sportsmen's association in the United States—the internationally famous NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—as an Active JUNIOR MEMBER! Shows how you can wear the NRA Brassard, carry the NRA Membership Card, own and enjoy the NRA JUNIOR RIFLE HANDBOOK! DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can qualify to earn six marksmanship medals, 6 brassards, 6 Lapel Pins and get 6 Free Proficiency Diplomas! Also diagrams new 15 foot Target Backstop, new official NRA Air Rifle Target Card—tells parents about ADULT SUPERVISED TRAINING-SHOOTING PROGRAM. Send only 10¢ (coin), unused 3¢ stamp, coupon!



### SHOOT THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-YARD RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN BLESSINGER, N.Y.

Own and shoot this husky, improved DAISY RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE! Looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only \$5.50. Or buy Daisy's big Target Outfit containing: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB'S. MANUAL. COMPLETE SET in big carton, only \$7.95.

**DAD!** Your children want to shoot.

Give them a chance to shoot and learn safety through skill.

Be supervisor of a junior patrol of 3 to 10 air rifle shooters including your own. You'll enjoy it. You need not be a crack shot. See Coupon.

**ORGANIZATIONS!** SPONSOR a junior club of 10 or more air rifle shooters: Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod & gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others, use coupon.

**BOYS and GIRLS!** Rush coupon, dime (10¢ coin), unused 3¢ stamp to us now—for exciting new DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN!



No. 111  
GUN  
ONLY  
**\$5.50**

No. 311  
COMPLETE  
OUTFIT  
**\$7.95**

Prices subject to change without notice & higher Rockies, West, Canada. DONOT order rifles, cut-ss or shot direct except AIR RIFLEMAN—SEE YOUR DEALER

**MAIL COUPON FOR NEW BOOK!**

# DAISY

*Air Rifles*

No. 25  
PUMP  
GUN  
**\$7.50**

**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Dept. 2661 • Plymouth, Michigan U.S.A.

#### DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Plymouth, Michigan, Dept. 2661, U.S.A.

☐ I enclose dime (10¢ coin) plus unused 3¢ stamp. Please rush postpaid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA junior program for air rifle shooters, membership benefits plus special information for my Parents or Guardian.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET & NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS! Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circular on SUPERVISING or SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

YOUR NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) \_\_\_\_\_

STREET AND NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ MEN and WOMEN! If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.

